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ALBONI.

WE stated last week that this unrivalled singer was shortly about to quit Europe, and scatter her melody to the winds that blow over the hills, and vales, and rivers, and lakes, and cities, and canals, and railroads, and coach roads of America, North and South. We stated that Alboni would probably in a short time abandon her old love, the Old World, for her new love, the New World. We stated it, and, having stated it, cannot retract; nor would we if we could. Nor could we if we would, alas! since, unhappily, further rumours, or reports, or, to speak more to the purpose and by the card, further information has reached us but now, tending to establish the likelihood, if not the absolute possibility—nay, more, the probability—of the truth of these reports, rumours, and that information. *Tant pis.*

Letters from Brussels insinuate that on her route from the Continent to this insular land, Alboni will stop at Brussels. At Brussels there is M. Quèlus. M. Quèlus has a theatre, which is not thriving. M. Quèlus has two theatres which are not thriving, both at Brussels, and not thriving. Alboni has, ere now, been the means more than once of lifting the first theatre of M. Quèlus (the *Teatre de la Monnaie*) on its legs, when it lay ill-bested, and well-bespattered, helpless, and recumbent, in the slough of despond; or, to use a straighter image, in the sluice of public indifference, in the sewer of popular apathy. The *Teatre de la Monnaie* is the grand opera of the Belgian metropolis, that petty Paris, but prettier. It was in this plight. But was M. Quèlus there then as now. M. Quèlus had the theatre. M. Quèlus managed it ill, but afterwards well, since he went on his knees to Alboni at the Hotel de Bellevue, near the king's palace and the park, and besought her to save his theatre *de la Monnaie*. Alboni had saved M. Rocqueplan's *Teatre de la Nation*, the Paris grand opera, and why should not Alboni save M. Quèlus's *Teatre de la Monnaie*, the Brussels grand opera?—Why not? Alboni saved it. This was the first instance, accounts whereof may be seen by those who seek and read by those who run in the *Independance*, the *Emancipation*, and other Flemish sheets, not to mention the *Diapason*. Of the second instance we shall spare the narrative, since it was the same chapter repeated—in *globo*—M. Quèlus rebesought Alboni at the Hotel de Bellevue and Alboni re-resuscitated M. Quèlus and his *Teatre de la Monnaie*. In short, but for the fair Marietta, it is not impossible that both the grand operas of Paris and Brussels would be shut to the eager earlings of either capital,

which would have been a sad catastrophe, not to mention Meyerbeer, whose *Prophète*, through Alboni, kept possession of the stage.

Of the other theatre of M. Quèlus, the *Teatre de Saint Hubert* (in the passage), we need say nothing, since, not being the principal theatre (although Italian companies have played there with Castellan, Bertrandi, Rommi, &c.) Alboni could not appropriately put her foot in it, much less her voice, even to save it.

The last report—rumour—information—as you like it, goes to say, that Alboni, being offered likely terms, is likely to sing for some time at the *Teatre de la Monnaie*, before setting sail for Dover, on her way to Liverpool, *via* London. What is Mr. Lumley about, and Mr. Gye, and why, instead of quarrelling about the myth, Johanna Wagner, who, after all, may turn out a pig in a poke, and whose father, Albert, esteems England as only worth its money, do they not quarrel about Alboni, long acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of Europe, reckoning Great Britain and the Out Isles, the most accomplished singer in the world, and the last of the glorious galaxy of Italian song?

We pause for a reply.

A TIT BIT ABOUT JETTY TREFFZ.

(From the Leader.)

THE Fourth Concert on Wednesday last restored to us once more Jetty Treffz, the true darling of the English public; we had sadly feared this charming singer had left as “for good and all;” and we could ill spare her. Well! here she is again, more gentle to look upon, more sweet to listen to, than ever. No one sings a tender or playful ballad like Jetty Treffz: her heart seems to be in her eyes and in her voice; and with that pure, bright look, and touching, artless simplicity of manner, she trills away the hearts of her audience; how cruelly and how deliciously! Need we recount how many encores she received on Wednesday evening?

[Oh! that the gay and accomplished Vivian would always thus respect truth in his heart, and sweeten it by his eloquence!—*Ed. M. W.*]

CRUVELLI'S NORMA.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

THE Norma of Sofie Cruvelli is one of those personations which, for the sake of art, a musical critic should especially

note. All high-class dramatic conceptions are, from the conditions and terms of art, the creatures, not of spontaneous impulse, but of progress, founded on study and observation. That genius may wonderfully abridge the distance from step to step of this progress it were a truism to state, an absurdity to deny; but that genius ever dispensed with the process of gradual advancement, and stepped upon the stage, "complete in panoply," we utterly disbelieve. There are stage traditions, doubtless, of first performances being exact prototypes of a subsequent series; but even if we accept them—no easy task—knowing how inaccurate an observer a British public often is, we deny that they prove anything, except that the artist in question did not improve in proportion to the advantages at his disposal. We have no great reverence for theatrical stereotyping. And in the case of a young artist, with three quarters of a career to come, we should, did we notice no disposition to alter, to modify, to reconsider, assume without much difficulty that it would not be in the high-class rank that such an artist's permanent position would be found. On the other hand, however, we might be disposed equally to come to the same conclusion did we find the artist varying style, points, or effects, either as a mere experiment, or from want of self-reliance. In one of these two categories we unfortunately discover so many promising artists, that where we see change, as mere change, eschewed, and sought only where it is a convertible term with improvement, we gladly record the instance in question. It is in these cases that the critic is justified in forming these anticipations which we ventured upon in regard to the young *prima donna* in question, whose intellect is vindicating our predictions, and who has seldom acquitted herself more brilliantly than on Saturday night, in the part of Norma.

Cruvelli adheres, and will we hope adhere, to her own original conception of the opening portion of the opera. She preserved the same haughty elevation, the same priestess-like isolation from her companions, to which we referred, with an expression of concurrence in her reading, when she first appeared in *Norma*. This version of the character seems to us the most rational, not only from the fact that the poet has invested her with a strange authority and influence in the tribe, inconsistent with a less imposing attitude, but from the circumstance that Norma is carrying about with her a fatal secret, which in subsequent scenes is shown as embittering her existence. Effective, therefore, as may be the entrance of some Normas whom we have seen, who come on revelling in the consciousness of their power, and almost radiant with the pride of place, we cannot but consider the rigid icy *hauteur* of Cruvelli, in this passage of the opera, to be the fitter treatment of the part. And so with her lofty and almost sublime delivery of the "Casta diva" (never better given than on Saturday), in which she realizes the separate invocation of a deity by a favoured priestess, rather than the worshipper simply leading the devotions of a crowd of equal fellow-worshippers. We need not, having so frequently analysed the musical features of her Norma, dwell upon her large and bold treatment of the air, or upon the perfect manner in which she took the arduous passages. As a mere vocalist, Cruvelli has long attained a position, enviable indeed, but one which, had she remained only a vocalist, we should have spared ourselves the pain of doing much more than registering, and so leaving. It is as a lyric artist, in the best sense of the word, that we desire to judge her, and it is as a lyric artist that, if we appreciate her aright, she would desire to be judged. Hence, in recurring to her per-

sonations, having once or more often reported a feat of voice, done justice to a masterly progress on the ascending scale, or recorded a long-held note, we have cared less to preserve a series of "acoustic observations," than to remark how a fine and complete conception is retouched and heightened. Cruvelli's position is independent of musical notation.

The *cabaletta*, after the great air, was given on Saturday with even more than usual fire and rapture of sentiment, and its effect upon the house was enormous. The applause came down in a hurricane; and the recall of the *artiste* was unanimous. The scene where Norma receives the confidence of Adalgisa was as effective as Cruvelli invariably makes it; and the terrible *finale* burst upon the audience with as much vividness as if the situation and its development were new to them. The statuesque majesty of Cruvelli's last attitudes in this scene is a study for the sister art. Her subsequent scena, leading up to the duet with Adalgisa, has never been surpassed; but it once or twice ran a risk of being impaired by a slight disposition on the part of the Adalgisa to drag the time; but the duet went admirably as ever. Cruvelli's approach to Pollione, when they are left alone together by her order, is one of those fine pieces of acting which, in a drama, would be pointed out for the admiration of the town, but which in opera seldom receives justice. The exquisite duet with Pollione, the fatal declaration, and the agonising pleading for her children's lives, were three performances, any one of which would have repaid the longest evening ever sat out within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. We need hardly add that the audience received each with a burst of enthusiasm, or that the general call at the close of the performance was followed by a special one for the accomplished artist, who had already twice been called back to receive a tribute of applause.

THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

WITH the high artistic feeling and noble simplicity of character which distinguishes the celebrated composer in all he says, and all he does, and all he thinks, M. Hector Berlioz has addressed the following letter to Mr. Loder, the author of the masque of *The Island of Calypso*, which was performed at the second concert of the New Philharmonic Society:—

A Monsieur Loder, à Manchester.

Monsieur,—Je crois devoir vous donner quelques explications au sujet de l'exécution de votre bel ouvrage au second concert de la nouvelle Société Philharmonique. Vous étiez absent, mais soyez convaincu que je n'ai rien négligé pour qu'il fut bien rendu. Quelques fautes, peu nombreuses, ont cependant été remarquées dans l'exécution de la dernière partie. Nous aurions pu avoir à déplorer de plus graves accidents; M. et Madame Reeves, chargés des rôles de Télémaque et d'Eucharis n'ayant assisté à aucune répétition d'orchestre. A la première (des instruments à vent avec un double quatuor) j'ai du chanter, tant bien que mal, les airs et les récitatifs en dirigeant l'orchestre. A la seconde, avec quatre-vingt musiciens, Miss Dolby et Mr. Weiss ont seuls été présents. A la troisième, avec un demi orchestre, dans Blagrove's Rooms, je me suis trouvé encore obligé de chanter les rôles d'Eucharis et de Télémaque, Mr. et Mad. Reeves ne s'étant de nouveau pas rendus à la séance.

NEWS



Ces deux artistes n'ont répété qu'une fois avec moi, au piano, le jour même du concert et l'orchestre a dû, en conséquence, les accompagner sans les avoir entendus.

Vous concevrez alors que les instrumentistes aient parfois manqué d'assurance dans les recitatifs.

Cependant la seule faute grave que avons en à regretter n'a pas été commise par l'orchestre. J'ai été sur le point de me refuser à diriger l'exécution d'une œuvre de cette importance présentée au public dans d'aussi étranges conditions. La crainte de voir ma conduite mal interprétée m'a retenu. C'est la première fois de ma vie que je me suis trouvé dans une pareille position. J'ai été, vous le voyez, forcé de la subir, et c'est moi seul, je vous assure, qu'elle a compromis. Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute estime pour votre mérite musical et de mes sentiments distingués pour votre personne.

Votre tout dévoué,

15 Avril.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

TRANSLATION.

To Mr. Loder, of Manchester.

Sir,—I think it my duty to offer you some explanations on the subject of the execution of your beautiful work at the Second Concert of the New Philharmonic Society. You were absent, but be assured I neglected nothing to secure for it a good performance. Some faults, however, by no means numerous, were remarked upon in the execution of the last part. We might have had to deplore more serious accidents; Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, entrusted with the parts of Telemachus and Eucharis, not having been present at a single rehearsal with the orchestra. At the first rehearsal (with wind instruments and double quartet) I was compelled to sing, as well as I might, the airs and recitatives while directing the orchestra. At the second, with eighty musicians, Miss Dolby and Mr. Weiss, alone attended. At the third, with the semi-orchestra in Blagrove's Rooms, I was again obliged to sing the parts of Eucharis and Telemachus, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves being again absent. These two artists have only rehearsed on one occasion with me, the same day as the concerts, and the orchestra, in consequence, was obliged to accompany them without having heard them. You will understand, therefore, why the band occasionally wanted confidence in the recitatives. Nevertheless, the only grave error we have to regret was not committed by the orchestra. I was on the point of refusing to direct the execution of a work of such importance, under such strange conditions; but the fear of having my conduct misconstrued restrained me. It is the first time in my life I was ever placed in such a position. You will see that I was forced to submit to it, and it is only me, I can assure you, whom it has compromised.

Receive, Sir, the assurance of my high esteem for your musical merit, and my distinguished sentiments for yourself.

Your all-devoted,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

The above is equally remarkable for modesty and good feeling. M. Berlioz may feel perfectly assured that he is in no way compromised in the matter; but that his letter to Mr. Loder will raise him still higher in the opinion of the English public and the English musical profession.

CRUVELLI'S ROSINA.—"Cruvelli's Rosina is one of the most charming of her personations, and displays to great advantage the rich fund of *via comica* which she possesses. Her exquisite delivering of the celebrated *aria d'entrata* is one of the most perfect specimens of execution ever heard on the lyric stage."—*Morning Chronicle*.

MADAME PLEYEL.

THE welcome given to this unrivalled pianist, on Wednesday night, was what was universally anticipated, and a more complete triumph was never achieved by an executant. The copious account of the concert underneath precludes the necessity of prefacing it by any further remarks.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE third concert, on Wednesday, was much superior to either of its predecessors, and much more successful. The name of Madame Pleyel, who has not been in London since 1846, was enough to account for the dense crowd that assembled in Exeter Hall before M. Berlioz took his place in the orchestra, while the other attractions of the programme were great and varied. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture, "The Isles of Fingal"	Mendelssohn
"Romeo and Juliet," dramatic symphony, with solos and chorus (part 1)	Hector Berlioz.
Chorus and Air de Danse, "Armida"	Gluck
Concert-stück, pianoforte, Madame Pleyel	Weber.

PART II.

Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber.
Selection from "La Vestale"	Spontini.
Overture, "Egmont"	Beethoven.

The gloomy and magnificent overture of Mendelssohn was finely played, and M. Berlioz showed discretion in declining the general demand for a repetition which followed it. The selection from the dramatic symphony of *Romeo and Juliet*, our impressions of which we endeavoured to convey in a notice of the first concert, of the New Philharmonic Society, was received with such universal favour, that M. Berlioz may now be considered to have won a place in the estimation of the London public, as a composer of the highest power and originality. A second hearing, while rendering this extraordinary music more familiar to the ear, lays open a world of beauties that were not immediately disclosed, and in the main shows it to be much less intricate and extravagant. The beautiful love-scene between the hero and heroine (the long *adagio* in A), takes a firmer hold of the imagination; the nocturnal hilarity of the Capulet youths, quitting the feast, represented in the chorus, "Adieu, Capulet, the fete is o'er," appears still more striking and characteristic; and what at first escaped the apprehension in the fairy *scherzo*, "Queen Mab," becomes comparatively clear and intelligible. The general design of the work, in spite of its enormous length, which, on a slight acquaintance, exposes it to the charge of diffuseness, comes out much more perspicuously on a nearer acquaintance. The orchestra surpassed itself on Wednesday night in the execution of this most elaborate and difficult music, and the reception it encountered was so decided that it is worth the consideration of the directors of the New Philharmonic Society whether it would not be advisable to give the second part of *Romeo and Juliet*, or at least some other work of M. Berlioz, in the course of the present series of concerts. The grand piece of descriptive instrumental music, in F, which illustrates the festivities of the house of Capulet, was loudly encored; but M. Berlioz was too modest to accept an honour for himself which he had already declined for Mendelssohn. At the conclusion of the

performance, M. Berlioz was applauded with acclamations, and, having left the orchestra, was compelled to return, and again cheered by the whole audience.

The chorus and dance from Glück's *Armida*, a pleasing bagatelle and nothing more, was well given, and made an agreeable resting-place between the selection from *Romeo and Juliet*, and the great performance which was to follow—the *Concert-stück*, of Weber, by Madame Pleyel. Of this it is impossible to speak too highly. In weighing the claims of this wonderful artist, comparison is out of the question. Madame Pleyel is incontestably the best pianist in Europe. There are other players of distinguished merit, each of whom has a speciality, each of whom excels in some particular way that defines his idiosyncrasy; but Madame Pleyel is one of the few whose rare gifts place them above and wholly apart from the rest. The instrument upon which she performs is her language. She plays with a facility that presents no trace of study or preconsideration. The *ars celare artem* was never exemplified to more entire perfection. In respect of mechanism, Madame Pleyel has acquired all that method can demonstrate, and assiduous practice insure. Her tone, powerful, rich, and completely under control, is susceptible of every gradation of intensity, without deteriorating from its quality. In passages of the utmost rapidity, she can subdue it, with ease, to the softest *pianissimo*. In the management of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* (the gradual increase and diminution of force), she stands alone, and (Mendelssohn excepted) we can remember no pianist who has approached her in this peculiarity. Her style is full of fire and impetuosity contrasted, when necessary, by the greatest delicacy and refinement. In the delivery of passionate phrases, she displays an *abandon* and a depth of expression which leave nothing to be desired; the ear, the judgment, and the feelings are equally satisfied. We have heard the majority of the renowned "*virtuosi*," from Liszt and Litzl to the late Madame Dulcken, attempt the *Concert-stück* of Weber, but not one of them ever entered into it heart and soul, and (without taking liberties with the text), executed it with such perfection as Madame Pleyel. She plays it, as she does everything else, from memory, and with so much ease and *nonchalance* that her performance, but for the symmetrical beauty of the composition itself, would have all the appearance of a masterly improvisation. The point and decision of her accentuation is such that any orchestra could follow her instinctively; and the aid of M. Berlioz, one of the most practised and admirable conductors living, but for the necessary training at rehearsal, might almost be regarded as superfluous. To leave details, Madame Pleyel's execution of the *Concert-stück*, on Wednesday night, was worthy of her fame, and fully justified the eulogy of the eccentric and exclusive Liszt, who, forgetting his own pretensions in the enthusiasm of the moment, after one of Madame Pleyel's performances, declared that she was not "*le plus grande pianiste*," but "*le plus grande pianiste*" in the world. This, after all, is at once the most comprehensive and succinct, as it is unquestionably the justest tribute to so prodigious a talent. Madame Pleyel, in fact, is a genius, not a pianoforte player. The executive department of the art is but too happy in possessing such a rare and admirable exponent. We need not waste words in describing the effect produced upon the audience by such a performance. It was electric. Madame Pleyel was recalled to the platform, and applauded till the walls "echoed again." M. Berlioz conducted the concerto with the greatest judgment, and the

orchestra accompanied it to perfection. Madame Pleyel played upon one of the pianofortes which Messrs. Broadwood and Sons exhibited last summer in the Crystal Palace. A finer toned instrument was never heard in a concert-room.

The second part of the concert consisted of the overture to *Euryanthe*, conducted by Dr. Wylde, and remarkably well executed; a dull selection from Spontini's dull opera of *La Vestale*; and Beethoven's superb overture to *Egmont*, which, although performed at a very late hour (as a voluntary, to play the audience out), was keenly relished by those who stayed to hear. It remains to add, that the solo singers in *Romeo and Juliet* were Miss Dolby and Herr Reichart; and, in the *Vestale*, Madame Clara Novello, Miss A. E. Byers, Herr Reichart, and Herr Staudigl. It was hardly fair to bring out so great an artist, and so great a favourite, as Herr Staudigl in such music as that of the bass part in Spontini's selection, where there was little to do, and that little admitted of no effect. Miss Dolby gave the *contralto* solo in *Romeo*, "While Romeo wanders near," in a thoroughly musician-like manner; and Herr Reichart was remarkably effective in the strange and intricate vocal *scherzetto* (with chorus), "Mab, light-footed fairy." The omission of the selection from *La Vestale* would have been a serious benefit. As it happened, the concert was decidedly too long, even for the most capacious of musical appetites. The arrangement of the different pieces could also have been materially improved. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* should have been given first instead of last, and the imaginative *Isles of Fingal* at the end of the first part in place of the boisterous *Euryanthe*, which, without detriment, might have been allotted to the honourable post of *finale*.—*Times*.

The *Morning Herald* writes as follows of Madame Pleyel, and her performance of the *Concert-stück*:—"The event of the evening was the re-appearance of Madame Pleyel, who, without let or hindrance—without a word or whisper of dissent, has been pronounced the first of European pianists. The eulogies which the playing of this distinguished artist drew forth from the public, professional and otherwise, when she visited this country in 1846, may be repeated now, with, if anything increased emphasis. Her powers of execution, then so vast, have undergone no change; her intellect, then so poetical and refined, has lost none of its vigour. No choice of vehicle for the display of those gifts and acquirements with which she is so richly endowed could have been better than the *Concert-stück* of Weber, which, it need hardly be remarked, exacts executive powers of the highest order, the keenest finesse, and a precision and elasticity of touch, the privilege of few to attain, and which is as much the result of mental organization as of physical peculiarity. But Madame Pleyel is equal to all the demands upon her. Her delivery of the glorious last movement betrayed the consummate steadiness of her hand, and the large velocities of utterance which it is enabled to achieve. The tempo with which she started never for a moment experienced the slightest relaxation, and those who knew how to measure the strength of endurance which this involved, could well estimate the value of the unbroken closeness of touch, the unwearied preservation of accent, and the uncorrupted quality of tone to which they listened. Such pianoforte-playing it has rarely been the lot of the public in our time to meet with, and Madame Pleyel, so far, separates herself entirely from the general body of executive artists, inasmuch as her specialities are more varied, her genius more comprehensive, than those of any

of her contemporaries. These opinions are not lightly given. Upon former occasions, and she will probably do so now, she illustrated every variety of school, from the lowest to the highest, from the romantic modernism of the present day, up to the sublime and elevated idealities of the great masters. In each she was the same proficient. She touched nothing that she did not adorn — 'defect she made perfection.' Whether the subtleties of the music were those of construction or of thought, of matter or of mind, her triumphs in 1846 were as universal as they were remarkable. The versatility she evinced was marvellous; but charmed while it astonished. These characteristics, which, during the interval of absence which has elapsed, have not been centred so distinctly in any other artist, were again made manifest on Wednesday night. Her reading of the *Concert-stück*, taken as a whole, was that of the true musician, devoid alike of affectation and unseemly license, feminine in its aspects, without losing the remotest sentiment of nerve or vigour. It is to the latter attribute that the playing of Madame Pleyel owes its chiefest charm. Her tone never parts with its delicacy, even amid the weightiest and most abundant *tours de force*, her method none of its elegance, her manner none of its ease and self-possession. The enthusiasm of the audience on Wednesday night was such that might have been expected to attend the return of an artist whose merits, so widely acknowledged, are so vividly and permanently remembered. She was applauded to the echo."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert and suite, honored this theatre with her presence on Saturday night to witness the opera of *Norma*. Thanks to her Majesty's good taste, which does not tolerate the introduction of a *ballet divertissement* between the acts of a tragic opera, Bellini's masterpiece was heard with double zest, and the brilliant performance of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, as the Druid priestess, was even more warmly appreciated than on the night of her first appearance. The interest being neither suspended nor divided by the interpolation of extraneous matters, the opera and the singers were equally gainers. Lablache was in splendid voice, and Gardoni's remarkable improvement in force and energy was generally remarked. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was recalled several times in the course of the performance.

After the opera a new *divertissement*, entitled *La Fête des Rosières*, was produced for the *rentrée* of Mademoiselle Carolina Rosati, who experienced a highly flattering reception from the audience. The *divertissement* is composed of slight materials, which, however, have been skilfully put together by M. Gosselin, as a framework for the display of Mademoiselle Rosati, who is, of course, the prominent figure in the *tableau*. This graceful and agile *danseuse* assumes the character of a rustic coquette. Of two lovers—one the Lord of the Manor, the other a peasant like herself—she affects, in the beginning, to prefer the first, but ultimately, listening to the dictates of her own heart, yields to the solicitations of her humble suitor, and is crowned queen of the *fête*. If this be not the exact story, it is not our fault, since there was no *libretto* to be had, and the dumb-show of the *ballet* can hardly lay claim to be considered a palpable and absolute language. Mademoiselle Rosati danced to perfection, and her pantomime was pretty and expressive. Her *pas de fascination* with her sexagenarian *devoué* was admirably piquant; and in her grand *pas* with M. Mattia she introduced a number of

steps remarkable not less for daring originality than for the easy grace and dexterity with which they were accomplished. Mademoiselle Rosati was applauded throughout with the greatest warmth, and at the conclusion several bouquets were thrown at her feet. The *corps de ballet*, headed by that fascinating quartet of *coryphées*, Rosa, Esper, Allegrini, and Lamoureux, was brought forward to great advantage by M. Gosselin, an old and experienced *maitre de ballet*. Some sparkling music of M. Nadaud, who continues to hold the post of *chef d'orchestre* in the choregraphic entertainments with his accustomed talent, materially aided the success of the *divertissement*. Her Majesty the Queen remained till the termination of the opera.

On Tuesday the *Barbiere* was repeated. As there was no ballet or *divertissement* between the acts to interrupt the interest of the opera, we have seldom attended a more satisfactory performance. All the artists were in first-rate force, and exerted themselves with a zeal and spirit caught from the glowing strains of the music. Even Signor Ferlotti, who is evidently out of his line in the *opera buffa*, did much with the part of Don Basilio, and sang capitably, and with a peculiarity of voice that gave the part a distinctive feature. This gentleman, however, should be informed that there is nothing absolutely funny in bending oneself double; although a slight inclination of the body, indicative of condescension and obsequiousness, would not be untrue to the character. Signor Ferlotti bent his body into the shape of a bad C. We must award him every praise for his singing of "La Calunnia."

Our readers will, or ought to remember, that last year, when Sofie Cruvelli first played Rosina, we rated her, and soundly too, for her singing of Rossini's music. In fact she disappointed us then, and we did not greatly care to hear her again in Rosina, to weaken perhaps the profound impression produced on us by her Fidelio, her Norma, and her Elvira. On Thursday week, and still more on Tuesday, we were surprised and gratified beyond measure at Sofie Cruvelli's performance of Rosina, which, without any exaggeration, was one of the most brilliant we ever witnessed. Her singing throughout was delicious, and at times perfectly startling from its novelty and electric force. Nothing could be more charmingly given than the "Una voce," which lost none of its beauty from a certain pathetic feeling infused into it by Sofie, and which never before touched us so keenly, not even from the luscious lips of Alboni; nor did we ever believe before that this most lovely and most graceful melody had so much sentiment in it. But Sofie, the true interpreter of song, has convinced us, and henceforth, "Una voce" shall be associated in our memories as a love-impulse, a heart-echo, a sub-wail, a softened sigh, a joy with a tear in it. Of course we speak of the opening movement—the *largo*; the *cabaletta* speaks in other tones. And here Sofie Cruvelli scarcely less charmed us by her brilliant and audacious singing. She would have charmed us still more had she not occasionally indulged in those extravagancies from which the very greatest artists are never free. It is, no doubt, very tempting for a singer like Sofie Cruvelli, who has a voice of unexampled extent, to exhibit her great powers and make as much of her capabilities as possible, and, therefore, we might excuse these free displays and exaggerations as baits to catch the groundlings—who must be caught, and be hanged to them; but Sofie has no need of stepping out of the legitimate line. With her exquisite, touching, fresh, and sympathetic voice, she must touch all

hearts in her simplest and plainest efforts; while her ardour, fire, impulse, brilliant vocalization, and splendid dramatic talent, will be sure to conciliate all real thinkers, without any ultra exhibition of powers. But this by the way; those only who heard Cruvelli on Thursday and Tuesday nights can at all fancy how she sang Rode's air and variations, or the effect she produced. It was quite electric. A louder and more unanimous encore was never awarded to the last variation, which was a wonderment of vocal skill and prowess. Sofie Cruvelli has won her way still further into our hearts by her admirable performance of Rosina in the *Barbiere*.

On Thursday *Fidelio* was produced for the first time this season. The cast varied essentially from that of last year, Leonora and Jacquino alone being retained by the original representatives, Sofie Cruvelli and Signor Mercuriali. Instead of Sims Reeves, in Florestan, we had Calzolari; in place of Coletti, the strong, in Pizarro we had Belletti the correct; the room of Madame Guiliani in Marcellina was filled by Mdle. Feller; Susini the Italian supplied the place of Balanchi the Gaul; and Fortini did office for Casanova as Il Ministro.

We cannot pretend to say that the alterations have been for the better. Calzolari pleased us immensely in Florestan. The opening aria in the prison was admirably given, and the passionate movement with which it closes, rendered with great pathos and feeling. Calzolari was no less excellent in that most exciting of all duets, "Destin ormai felice," and indeed sang throughout in a manner which must have satisfied the most exacting.

Belletti gave every note of the music. Nothing could be more perfect than his singing; but he had not the weight and power of his predecessor. Pizarro requires a high barytone voice of the greatest force. Signor Belletti has a high barytone voice—very high indeed—but has scarcely the volume of voice demanded for the music.

Signor Susini made his first appearance in Rocco. Rocco is an important part, and requires a singer of first-rate pretensions. Signor Susini has a fine bass voice, of pure and agreeable quality, and sings well, although he does not universally keep his time. This is a serious drawback in music where the orchestra is so pertinently employed, and where the singer has little or no room left for pauses and points. Signor Susini, with his fine voice and good method, will doubtless do better in Italian music. Even from what we heard we are enabled to pronounce Signor Susini an acquisition to Mr. Lumley's troupe.

Mademoiselle Feller pleased us, and, indeed, surprised us, by her very correct and good singing in the opening duet with Jacquino, "Alfin solo a solo," and the delicious song, "Se il ver mi dice," which was delivered with much care as to the rhythm, and a perfect appreciation of its character; but she is hardly equal to the rest of the music, and on Tuesday did not impart to it that vigour and breadth it undoubtedly demands.

Signor Fortini, we think, is an improvement on Signor Casanova.

Signor Mercuriali was as painstaking and as accurate as before in Jacquino, and left little to be desired in his part.

Sofie Cruvelli's Leonora has been reconsidered carefully, and the great advance made, both in the singing and acting, demonstrates that it has been reconsidered with the finest judgment. There were certain crudities in Cruvelli's performance last season, certainly not interfering greatly with

the general conception of the part, or the singing taken on the whole, which yet, viewed in detail, left something to be desired even among so much fullness of satisfaction and delight; but on Tuesday all this had disappeared; the great artist showed herself no less than the great singer; it was apparent that Sofie Cruvelli had studied the part of Leonora over again, and a more even and more matured performance was the consequence. Let it not, however, be supposed that the numberless beauties of last season, upon which we frequently dwelt with so much pleasure, have escaped in the refining. No such thing. Every one has been preserved, and both the singing and acting is as new and striking as ever in all respects. In her singing, more especially, Sofie Cruvelli shows to what good purpose she has thought and laboured since last season. Her voice is now more under control, and her capabilities made more available. Witness the C in alt, taken on so many occasions on Tuesday night with unerring certainty, and sustained with unfailing power—to say nothing of the D in the duet in the second act, which was given with so much ease as to create no surprise, except with those who knew what note was sung. The magnificent recitative and air, "A qual furor," was never sung by Cruvelli with so much power and with such a perfect command of voice. The beautiful *adagio*, "O tu la cui dolce," could not be better than it was last season—more delightful and purer singing it would be impossible to hear—but a great improvement was evident in the impetuous and exacting *allegro*, which no voice but that of Cruvelli could do justice to, and which Cruvelli sings now more splendidly than ever. The audience—very aristocratic and cold in the early portion of the performance—were fired into real enthusiasm by this grand display of vocalization, and recalled Cruvelli and received her with deafening cheers, and wanted her to repeat the *allegro*.

We shall not go through Cruvelli's performance of Leonora piece by piece. It would absorb too much space in our columns, although no subject could more happily employ our pen. Enough to say, that Sofie's Leonora is her grandest achievement; that it may now be classed with any performance of the modern lyric stage; that, in a histrionic point of view, it is simple, chaste, grand, and natural; that in the singing it is exquisitely beautiful; that Sofie's voice is as fresh as a lark's, and that she looks the lovely, youthful, and devoted wife to perfection. If more the reader would require in Beethoven's Leonora, let him go and attend the next performance of *Fidelio*—we have not said half enough of Sofie Cruvelli.

The Opera was followed by selections from the *Italiana in Algeri*, for Angri, Calzolari, Belletti, Ferranti, which were given with infinite spirit, and received with laughter and delight. Mdle. Angri was in great force and sang admirably.

Mdle. Carolina Prosati being indisposed, the *Fête des Rosieres* was postponed, and the Spanish Ballet, with Mdle. Guy Stephan, substituted.

To-night *Cenerentola*, with Angri, Belletti, Calzolari, and Lablache.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Visitors in abundance were drawn to the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday night in the expectation of hearing Mdle. Wagner, the vocalist, who is just now the object of so much notoriety in consequence of the contest between Mr. Lumley and Mr. Gye as to the legal ownership of her services. The same species of warfare which attended the debut of Jenny

Lind in this country having thus sprung up, the appearance of Mdle. Wagner naturally becomes a matter of intense curiosity. On Saturday night, however, the public were doomed to be disappointed. The injunction of the Vice-Chancellor had not been removed, and the voice of the charmer was closed by the stern and unpoetical mandate of the law. In the meanwhile the audience flocked into the theatre in considerable numbers, and little knots of people might be seen in the vestibules and lobbies discussing the position of the parties engaged in this animated battle of managers. Prophecies pro and con. flew about on all sides, based upon the correspondence of the cantatrice and her respectable parent, the plaintiff, the defendant, and the agent, which had filled so large a space in the morning's newspapers; and while some predicted that Johanna would sing at Her Majesty's Theatre before the present week was out, others, more dubious, asserted she would sing nowhere. The latter idea, however, was laughed to scorn by those who remembered old Wagner's wise and prepossessing observation—that "England was only to be valued for her money!" A "father" of this graceful and liberal stamp, who enunciates his views so manfully, and with such a pleasant and agreeable candour, is not likely to suffer his daughter to depart without bleeding so simple and witless a nation as ours to some little extent. Else his visit here would be a family calamity indeed! These topics were gossiped over more or less during the progress of the evening.

Although the unexpected debut of Mdle. Wagner, with the *rentrées* of Mario and Formes, did not come off, there was a good house to witness Donizetti's *I Martiri*, which was substituted in its place. The third performance of this long and gorgeously-produced opera seemed to cause even more excitement than the first. The applause bestowed upon Madame Jullienne, Tamberlik, and Ronconi, in the grand *finale* to the third act, and upon the first two in the overwhelming duet of the fourth, was quite deafening. Madame Jullienne may be considered an accepted favourite. Having conquered her nervousness, she has now uncontrolled possession of her resources, and her voice comes out with immense effect, even against the unrivalled high notes of Tamberlik, who, by his performance in *I Martiri*, has raised himself to a position beside the first tenors "*di forza*" of whom the records of the Opera make mention. It is due to the management to add that every precaution was used to make the public acquainted with the fact of the inevitable postponement of the *Prophète*, and that all who had purchased tickets were allowed the choice of receiving their money back or of using the privilege a second time, whenever the debut of Mademoiselle Wagner should take place at the Royal Italian Opera.

The *rentrée* of Grisi is always a festival for the *habitués* of the Italian Opera. Her Norma—the Norma of Pasta—majestic, passionate, and terrible, is one of those efforts which time and experience have matured into perfection. Even where the voice fails—that voice which for 18 years, without intermission, has moved and enchanted us—the spirit within makes up for every physical deficiency, the soul shines through the face, and speaks with a force that is irresistible. It has become a platitude to write that "Grisi's voice is still fresh, and strong, and sonorous," or that "Grisi's energy is unimpaired." Season after season it has been written; nor is it easy to guess at the period when it shall cease to be true. Warmed by the enthusiastic reception accorded her on Thursday night, the great singer and greater actress, having safely

passed the ordeal of the *cavatina* ("Casta Diva"), always, with Grisi, the bridge which conducts from uncertainty to triumph, threw herself into the part with all her power, and her "Oh, non tremare, o perfido," was given with an impetuosity that made poor Pollio look aghast, and electrified the audience. The encore was simultaneous and unanimous. Not less imposing in its way was the subsequent address to Adalgisa, "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima," which Grisi delivers with a volume of tone and a largeness of phrasing that impart to the compassionate admonition of Norma the fierceness of a menace and the weight of a prophecy. The ebullition of rage with which the Druidess overwhelms her faithless husband, "Vanne, si, mi lascia indegno," the third and last grand passage of the *trio finale* in the first act, was sung with its accustomed vigour, and produced its accustomed effect. The curtain fell amid the loudest applause, and a general recal for Grisi, who came forward with Signor Tamberlik.

The second act, even more than the first, brings out the powers of Grisi as a tragic actress. The scene with the children, in which the feelings of the mother prevail over the strong desire of vengeance; that in which Norma first summons the Druid warriors to arms, and afterwards confesses herself the priestess who has sacrificed her vows; the interview with Pollio, where she alternately supplicates and menaces the traitorous proconsul; and last, not least, the petition to Oroveso, "Deh! non voleri vittime," when Norma, regardless of her approaching fate, thinks only of her children, were not less impressive than on former occasions. In short, the Norma of Grisi retains in full force those salient qualities to which it owes its reputation as one of the most remarkable performances of the operatic stage.

Signor Tamberlik makes Pollio almost an agreeable personage, and converts what many eminent singers have regarded as an insignificant part into one of real interest and importance. His opening *cavatina*, "Meccò all'altar," was sung with great energy; and nothing could be more touching and passionate than his delivery of the beautiful phrase, "Ah! troppo tardi," in the last duet, when Pollio, too late, appreciates and confesses the heroic character of Norma. Mdle. Bertrandi, though not precisely a Corbari, is a very pleasing representative of the part of Adalgisa. She sang the duet with Norma, and the two duets with Pollio, extremely well, and acted with much intelligence. It was Mdle. Bertrandi's first appearance. Herr Formes, also, one of the greatest favourites of the public, made his *rentrée* on Thursday as Oroveso. His acting was remarkable for originality of conception, especially in the last scene, where he represents Oroveso so completely moved by the supplications of Norma that from a stony Druid he is metamorphosed into a being of flesh and blood, liable to deep emotions like any ordinary mortal. The recitative and air, "Ah! del Tebro," were powerfully declaimed by Herr Formes, and greatly applauded. At the conclusion of the opera, Grisi came on with Tamberlik and Formes; and subsequently, in obedience to another summons, appeared alone, amid the heartiest and most genuine plaudits. The house was crowded.

Mario makes his first appearance to-night in the *Huguenots*.

EMILE PRUDENT.

THE first concert of this renowned *virtuoso* came off on Thursday, in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a very crowded audience. All the critics, most of the amateur

connoisseurs, and a large number of well-known artists, were present, attracted by the European name of the concert giver.

The following was M. Prudent's programme:—

PART FIRST.		
OVERTURE, "Zanetta,"	AUBER.	
DUO.		
Madlle. Jetty de Treffz and Herr Reichart.		
"LES CHAMPS" (Pastorale). Piano avec Orchestre, . .	PRUDENT.	
M. Prudent.		
"ABSENCE," Mélodie avec Orchestre,	BERLIOZ.	
Herr Reichart.		
SCHIFFERLIED,	SCHUBERT.	
Madlle. Jetty de Treffz.		
CAPRICE, La Sonnambula,	{ Piano, } . . . PRUDENT.	
ETUDE, "Le Reveil des Fées,"		
Duo, pour Violon et Violoncello,		
Signori Sivori et Piatti.		

PART SECOND.		
OVERTURE, "Men of Prometheus,"	BEETHOVEN.	
LIED,	KUCKEN.	
Madlle. Jetty de Treffz.		
"LES BOIS," Chasse pour Piano avec Orchestre, . .	PRUDENT.	
M. Prudent.		
"LIEBESBOTSCHAFT,"	SCHUBERT.	
Herr Reichart.		
WEDDING MARCH,	MENDELSSOHN.	

Conductor, M. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

M. Emile Prudent has, at a step, walked into the favour of the English musical public. He is one of the greatest pianists of the modern school, and in many respects may be compared to Thalberg, though in others, and, among the rest, a certain elegance peculiarly his own, he differs from him *in toto*. His several *morceaux* were well chosen to display all the varieties of his style.

Les Champs is a quiet solitary movement in F major, completely pastoral in character. The orchestral accompaniments are delicate and tasteful. The piece showed off the soft and mellow character of M. Prudent's tone to great advantage.

The *caprice*, a short fantasy on one of the principal themes from the *Sonnambula*, is somewhat in the manner of Liszt. The *etude*, in two movements, F minor and major, is a sparkling and effective piece, in the first part of which M. Prudent proved himself a masterly adept in rapid *staccato* playing, and in the last, a prodigious flexibility of finger, and a lightness of touch equally notable in its way. These two pieces were without the orchestra.

The triumph of M. Prudent, however, was in *Les Bois*, a kind of hunting movement of great character, not less remarkable for the liveliness of the themes, and the brilliancy of the pianoforte passages, than for the spirited and admirable manner in which the orchestral accompaniments are made to give colour and unity to the whole. As an effort of execution this was marvellous, and the audience encored the piece with acclamations. On being again recalled, M. Prudent sat down to the pianoforte alone, and played the theme and first variation from his well-known fantasia in *Lucia*.

In his execution generally M. Prudent is always neat and finished. He has a fine tone, elastic touch, and remarkable power; and, in short, combines all the requisites of complete and perfect mechanism. He has climbed over his first difficulty, broken the ice of British coolness, and achieved his first triumph.

The charming Jetty Treffz sang the two *lieder* of Schubert and Kucken with captivating sweetness. In the first she was melancholy, in the second merry, in both touching, fascinating and irresistible. She was greatly applauded in these, and

also in the pretty duet of Rossini with Herr Reichart. The latter, in the mournful, deep, and pathetic *reverie* of Berlioz, showed both sentiment and power.

An admirable orchestra, selected by Mr. Jarrett, played the two overtures, the Wedding March, and the accompaniments to the two pieces of M. Prudent and the air of M. Berlioz with the utmost precision and effect. M. Berlioz himself was the conductor.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE last concert of the series of six came off at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening. The programme, it will be seen, was one of the most interesting presented by M. Billet to his subscribers.

PART FIRST.

Sonata, E flat, Op. 13 (dedicated to Haydn),	Hummel.
Preludes (from Op. 28, dedicated to Camille Pleyel), . .	Chopin.
In E minor, No. 4.	
In B minor, No. 6.	
D flat, No. 15.	
B flat minor, No. 16.	
Sonata, D minor, Op. 29,	Beethoven.

PART SECOND.

Sonata, G (from Op. 47),	Dussek.
Caprice, in F minor (le Deserteur),	S. Heller.
Selection of Studies.	
A flat,	Macfarren.
F sharp,	Henselt.
C minor,	Chopin.
C major,	Moscheles.
F minor (by desire),	Mendelssohn.

M. Billet played very finely, and was loudly applauded throughout. The sonatas of Beethoven and Dussek were highly relished by the audience, some of whom would fain have encored each movement of each sonata. But the great effect of the evening was produced in Henselt's study, which was encored with enthusiasm. Mendelssohn's study could not have escaped an encore, but for its being the last piece.

The renewal of these highly-entertaining performances is looked forward to by a certain section of the public with no small interest; and it is to be hoped that M. Billet will respond to the desire of his patrons by repeating them at no distant date.

Dramatic.

DRURY LANE.—The cheap prices and the new operatic company are bringing Mr. Bunn up with a wet sail. The Theatre has been well attended lately, the manager having found out apparently, that revivals and popularities are preferable to novelties and high art. With this eye Mr. Bunn has taken to resuscitation, and our friend, the public, has been in late ecstasies with umquile acquaintances, and oft-used, in the *Sicilian Bride*, the *Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, &c. Also *Fra Diavolo* was recovered for Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne. This is going, it seems, the useful way to work, and so far we tender Mr. Bunn our hearty congratulations. But while recalling from the dead such old friends as the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*, does Macfarren's *Don Quixote* never enter into the provident manager's head? Has he forgotten how well and with what pains it was produced under his direction, and how soon it was shelved from some unforeseen circumstance? Or, if with his popular eye he might consider *Don Quixote* too classic for the cheap prices,

why not look to *King Charles the Second*?—a very shrine of popular music and popular appointments, and which as yet has never had proper justice done to it, unless when it was first brought forward at the Princess's, by the encouraging and astute Maddox. Mr. Bunn has just the company for *King Charles the Second*. He has all the principal artists—with the exception of Madame Macfarren—who first played in it, and it might be got up very soon. Fanny is decidedly Miss Louisa Pyne's most admirable part, and Mr. Harrison's King Charles is perhaps the best thing he does. Let Mr. Bunn take a hint. He will thank us for it anon. Meanwhile, we record with pleasure that a section of the British public are supporting English operas at cheap prices.

HAYMARKET.—Last Saturday, this theatre was densely crowded on the occasion of the first representation of a new and original Drama in three acts, called, *Mind your own Business*, and due to the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon. The following is the plot. Mr. Verdon (Mr. Webster) a kind of sporting country gentleman, has fallen desperately in love with Marian Morrison (Miss Reynolds), and has confided all his hopes and fears to her sister, Fanny (Mrs. Sterling), who herself secretly loves Verdon, which Marian does not; for, on Verdon's proposing to her, she rejects him and bestows her hand on Arthur Mowbray (Mr. Howe), a young artist who has courted her unknown to any one. Verdon is struck with despair, and the curtain falls on Act one. A lapse of eighteen years is supposed to elapse before the curtain rises again, and, when it does, we are introduced into the house of Mr. Smythe (Mr. Keeley), who has once exercised the functions of a footman, but has retired from that business with a handsome fortune, and married a fine lady (Mrs L. S. Buckingham), who spends his money for him in first-rate style, and laughs at his vulgarity when she has nothing else to do. Mrs. Smythe has a companion who is no other than Fanny Morrison, who has left her home after the refusal of Verdon by her sister, and come to live with Mrs. Smythe. Verdon has also come up to town, and, driven to despair by the annihilation of his hopes, plunged into all sorts of dissipation, so that he now enjoys the unenviable designation of "the Sot Verdon." Fanny sees him again on the occasion of a party given by Mrs. Smythe, and is the witness of a fracas between him and Mr. Orgrave, M.P. (Mr. Leigh Murray), and Captain Fowler (Mr. Parselle), when Verdon defends the character of her sister, who has been maligned by the Captain. Fanny visits Verdon at his lodgings, and prevails on him to leave his dissipated course of life and return into the country again, while she, too, determines to quit Mrs. Smythe, as she finds that that lady is not a very respectable character, and as she has been grossly insulted by Mr. Orgrave, who has proposed that she should become his mistress. Act three shows us a country inn, where Verdon has taken up his quarters for the night, previous to installing himself in his own house. Fanny also comes here, having travelled from town on foot; this has been rendered necessary by the fact of her being without money, all her earnings having been sent by her to her sister Marian, whose husband, Arthur, being of rather an artistic disposition, is in the habit of spending considerably more than he gets from the exercise of his profession and the bounty of his cousin, Mr. Orgrave. The latter has discovered Fanny's flight from London, and is about to offer her violence in the inn where he meets her, when she is rescued by Verdon, who is alarmed by her cries. In the last scene, Verdon pays a visit to his former flame, Marian, who to the surprise of Verdon—and, we may add, of every one else, our-

selves included—proves to him that he never loved her but Fanny. Verdon instantly sees the matter in the same light, is very much surprised—ditto, again, ourselves—that he should have been so long in the dark as to the real state of the case, and marries Fanny, Mr. Orgrave, M.P., being ignominiously kicked out, after first being politely informed that a deed has been discovered proving that the property he has so long enjoyed lawfully belongs to Arthur Mowbray. Such is the story of this piece, which plays up till nearly ten o'clock. As for the character of Mr. Oddiman—a gentleman who from his habit of meddling with other people's affairs, and continually indulging in short soliloquies, in which he tells himself to *mind his own business*—it has nothing at all to do with the drama, and might as well have been omitted altogether, as far as the development of the plot is concerned. The same is true of several of the other characters. *Per se*, they are all amusing and vigorously sketched, but they have nothing to do with the business of the piece, which, after what we have said, it is almost needless to add is extremely defective in construction. Instead of giving us one large picture, Mr. Mark Lemon has presented to the public a series of highly-finished but separate full-length portraits. With this great fault against it, how comes it that the drama was so eminently successful?—for eminently successful it was. The reason of this seeming anomaly is that, as we have just said, each character is *separately* excellent, and acted in a manner that would do credit to any theatre in the world. Mr. Webster's Verdon is entitled to the greatest praise. There is no actor who can approach Mr. Webster in the delineation of this kind of character—his bitter anguish when rejected—his deeply rooted grief—his temporary burst of manly indignation and mental vigour when he defends Marian from the aspersions of Captain Fowler—his sottish look—his rakehellly swagger, which he has assumed to hide his real feelings—all these are rendered by him with the most telling effect and yet with the most delicate fidelity to nature. There is no exaggeration, no seeming straining after effect; all he does and says, every action, every look, comes from his heart and, therefore, goes directly to that of every one present. In a word, Mr. Webster's Verdon is a great artistic triumph. All the other characters, too, were most ably represented—Buckstone and Keeley kept the audience in a roar as long as they were on the stage, and were well supported by Messrs. Howe and Parselle. Mrs. Sterling and Miss Reynolds were quiet, lady-like, and touching, in fact, all that the audience could desire; *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, which, in the vernacular, we may inform our lady readers, means: a fact that satisfactorily accounts for the frequent occasions on which cambric pocket-handkerchiefs were put in requisition during the performance. In conclusion, we must beg to notice the Mr. Orgrave of Mr. Leigh Murray, which for quiet, cool, gentlemanly impudence was, as the old writers would say, "very pleasaunte to behold." The curtain fell amidst unanimous signs of approbation, and will doubtless continue to do so for some considerable time.

OLYMPIC.—Having been so eminently successful in his former Shakspearean characters, Mr. Henry Farren has added another to his repertoire. On Monday last, this gentleman appeared for the first time as *Hamlet*. What struck us particularly in his performance was the absence of that nauseous straining after novel effects and new readings, so popular with actors now-a-days, as if there could be more than one correct manner of reading a character. It is true that all the various tragedians who had enacted Hamlet from Shakspeare's day

up to the present time, *may* have been wrong, and every new *débütant* may be the only one who has a just conception of the character: but as this would involve rather a sweeping condemnation of such men as Garrick, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Young, Macready, *cum multis aliis*, we are not quite prepared to agree to it. So much has been written on Hamlet, and there are so many traditions concerning it, that every one can form a general idea of the part with tolerable correctness, and acquiesce in the propriety of a certain melancholy bearing, not very unnatural when we consider the circumstances under which Hamlet is introduced to us. But what every one can *not* do, and what Mr. Henry Farren has triumphantly proved *he can*, is to convey to the audience what he himself feels, to embody the conceptions of his mind, to distinguish between natural passion and mere rant, and to deserve the great praise due to one who is always careful "to o'erstep not the modesty of nature." One great merit, indeed, of Mr. Henry Farren's Hamlet is that he never forgets this important precept, which every actor should inscribe in indelible ink on the tablets of his memory. Hamlet is the touchstone of an actor's powers—it has served to prove that Mr. Henry Farren's talent is pure metal. His delineation of the character forms one consistent whole, not made up—as is the case with so many actors, self-termed "great"—of a motley assemblage of shreds and patches. The peculiar irresolution and vacillation of Hamlet's character are constantly shown by Mr. Henry Farren from the first scene to the last, and are only made more evident, and not kept down, by his occasional bursts of passion, as a dark and lowering sky is rendered still more dark and lowering after each successive flash of lightning which darts through it. From what we have said, it will be apparent that Mr. Henry Farren's Hamlet was a fair and legitimate success. We were highly delighted with it, and more especially with the scene with the king, during the performance of the players, his closet scene, and the last scene of the fifth act, which were all replete with beauties of the highest order. Mr. Henry Farren was enthusiastically applauded throughout, and unanimously called before the curtain at the conclusion of the performance. Mrs. Walter Lacy was the Ophelia, and received frequent marks of the public approbation. The new burlesque of the *Camberwell Brothers* continues to be greeted with shouts of laughter every evening.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—The enterprising manager of this theatre has received the services of Mr. James Anderson, the tragedian, late lessee of Drury Lane, who has attracted crowded audiences during the week. Mr. Anderson has played the round of all his favourite characters, and has reaped golden opinions from the "borough of Marylebone." *The Lady of Lyons*, *Othello*, and *the Merchant of Venice*, appear to have been the most attractive of the plays in which Mr. Anderson has been lately performing.

MARIONETTE THEATRE.—This little theatre becomes more popular than ever, the manager does not flag in the least in his endeavours to give novelty to the public, and he meets, in consequence, with deserved success. A new piece well suited to the "little actors," was produced on Monday night, called the *Happy Manager*, a piece de circonstance, founded on the squabbles between the managers of the rival Opera Houses, at present raging with so much fury. The piece is written in a masterly manner, and evidently by some one well acquainted with the *Coulisses*. The piece was excellently played, and will no doubt have as long a run as a bagatelle of the kind usually meets with.

Original Correspondence.

DR. DEARLE'S CHURCH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As in the course of your very favourable review of my Church music, you make one exception to your almost general panegyric—that there is rather an excess of modulation—I am sure you will kindly afford me a small space in your columns for a word or two of explanation.

In setting hymns of such length, expressing such intense and varied sentiments as the "Te Deum," &c., I conceived that the best way to give true musical colouring, and at the same time, forcible expression to my own feelings, without making them of such extreme length as to unfit them for general use, was by bold modulation; and the reason that there is so very little modulation in the "Jubilate," is not that "it is shorter," but that the sentiment's did not require it.

The Service was written for an extraordinary occasion, and for rather a large chorus in a very hurried manner, some sixteen years ago, having been commenced, finished, and publicly performed in about a month, which will account for its more simple form and strong contrasts.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Newark, April 21, 1852.

EDWARD DEARLE.

Reviews of Music.

LA PERLE DE L'EXPOSITION—Morceau de Concert—D. Magnus. Jewell and Letchford.

This *Morceau de Concert* is a Polka, nothing more; but in revenge it is a very good one, and a lively. G sharp minor, and B major, however, are rather abstruse keys for dance music. Mr. Magnus, nevertheless, evidently a musician, is doubtless a pianist also, and can play his polka, if the majority of the public cannot—a consolation to himself, but not to the publisher. He has, moreover, introduced a very pretty and dashing episode in the more familiar key of G, which, although still difficult, is less so than the remaining part of the Polka.

A GOOD HONEST HEART—Ballad—Words by LINNÆUS BANKS—Music by S. W. NEW.—Jewell and Letchford.

"A Good Honest Heart" is a good honest ballad of the good honest English school. It has a good honest tune set to a good honest accompaniment, and illustrates the good honest words in a good honest manner. Had we space, we would quote Mr. Linneus Banks' poetry, but as we have not, we shall conclude by recommending "A Good Honest Heart" to all good honest ballad singers.

"THE RIFLE CORPS QUADRILLES"—Composed by W. H. MONTGOMERY. Charles Ollivier.

A lively set of quadrilles for the pianoforte, and cornet-a-piston *ad libitum*, introducing into the several figures, with good effect, the various bugle-calls; and not unlikely, if brought before the public, to rival in popularity the well-known Post Horn Galop of König. The composer, Mr. Montgomery, has inscribed his quadrille to the officers of the Rifle Corps of the United Kingdom, who are represented on the title-page shooting at unseen game.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING—Ballad—Written by E. S. H. B.—Composed by W. T. Wrighton.—Jewell and Letchford.

"The Approach of Spring" is even a more simple ballad than the one above noticed. The words are very pretty, and play sportively with the objects of nature animate and inanimate. The gentleman of the initials E. S. H. B. if not an H. B., is a poet, which is better; and Mr. Wrighton writes a ballad with the ease and simplicity of an Alexander Lee. We like this ballad, both words and music.

Provincial.

SHEFFIELD.—The long announced grand performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, took place at the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening week, April 20th. The room was filled by an attentive audience. *Elijah* is truly a great sacred work, and whether we consider its varied and startling harmonies, the calm beauty of its melodies, or the novel and appropriate form of its instrumentation, we are equally lost in admiration at the composer's command of his art, and at his powerful genius. Only a man imbued with a natural feeling of religion and great poetic imagination could have created so noble a work. Too soon died its immortal writer for the world of music. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, of Huddersfield; Mrs. Thomas, of Manchester; Mr. Hinchliffe and Mr. Yates, of Leeds; Mr. Inkersall, two little boys, and Mr. Trimmell, from Bristol. The chorus was chiefly from Leeds; the band from Leeds, Hull, Barnsley; the leader, Mr. Sykes, from London; the conductor, Mr. Burton, of Leeds; and the organist, (as announced), Mr. Tallis Trimmell, from Chesterfield. The opening recitative, "There shall not be rain or dew upon this land for three years," was delivered by Mr. Hinchliffe in a cold and unimpassioned manner, and totally irreconcilable with the awful nature of the curse. The chorus, "Help, Lord," was excellently given, and only wanted the *diminuendo* at the end to have been perfect. The tenor solo, "If with all your hearts," (Obadiah,) by Mr. Inkersall, was sung with effect and judgment, particularly the opening recitative, "Ye people rend your hearts," which he gave with spirit and determination. The chorus that follows—"Yet doth the Lord"—was admirably sung, with the exception of the part marked "grave," which was given too fast, and the pause on the word "God," on the chord of G, being left out. The piano from the word "mercies," three words from the end, was also not effectively given. The double quartett, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee," was completely ruined. This fine composition requires two good sopranos, two good contraltos, two good tenors, and two good basses. The executants were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Inkersall,—so far, so good,—three little boys, and two unheatable basses. The consequence was, that one of the greatest effects in the oratorio produced not the least sensation, and, indeed, we feared several times the whole quartett was about to stop. The fine duet commencing with the recitative, "What have I to do with thee?" was very nicely sung, especially by Mrs. Thomas, who has taste and feeling, and imparted to the widow's music such expression, as at once to stamp her an artist. Mr. Hinchliffe is not possessed of cultivation or feeling sufficient to sing *sostenuto* music. He has a good rough voice; which requires softening and refining. We must also point out to Mr. Hinchliffe, the constant error he makes—an unpardonable error too of putting an H where her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria does not require one. The recitative "As God the Lord," was given by Mr. Hinchliffe in the same monotonous style as the similar passage opening the oratorio, and with a complete want of appreciation. "I never troubled Israel," "Call him louder," "The Lord hath exalted," "Yea, I have spent my strength," were all sung in the same unimpressive manner. Mr. Hinchliffe's rendering of the "aria," "Is not his word like a fire?" was powerful, bold, and energetic. This kind of music suits Mr. Hinchliffe. The part of *Elijah* is difficult and fatiguing, and if Mr. Hinchliffe failed, he failed in attempting great things. The two grand choruses of idolaters, "Baal, we cry to thee," and "Baal, hear and answer," are magnificent specimens of the genius of Mendelssohn. The beautiful quartett, "Cast thy burden," was well sung, but the violin passages that occur at the end of each phrase, were uncertainly played. The grand chorus, "Fire descends," was destroyed by being continued nearly as fast as the preceding chorus. The chorus "Thanks be to God," was admirably sung. This chorus created a profound sensation; indeed, nearly all the choruses in the oratorio were sung with energy and spirit, and did great credit to the gentlemen from Leeds. We have again to complain of the idle attempt to sing choruses with boys for the treble parts. Another mischievous point in boys is that the singing the treble *alto* voice is only the boy's voice retained in manhood: the consequence is, when the altos and trebles are singing together, there is so com-

pletely a blending of quality and tone, that all richness of harmony is destroyed. The choruses in *Elijah* were from this defect, deficient. Mrs. Sunderland had little to do, but what she had was done with care and taste. The *aria*, "Hear ye, Israel," was beautifully given. Mr. Inkersall in "Then shall the righteous," exerted himself to the utmost, but the *aria* lies too high for him, and in sustaining the A to the word "sun," his voice failed. Mrs. Thomas sang, with much taste, "O, rest in the Lord." It was, however, taken too fast. Three little boys sang the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine Eyes;" but we think music of such weight and importance should not have been entrusted to them. The time was badly kept, and the whole out of tune. Mr. Burton conducted the oratorio. He is a highly talented gentleman. The oratorio, as a whole, went well—the band was effective—the brass rather too strong, and the strings too weak, but the precision of band and chorus, with a few exceptions, was excellent. There was no organ. For six weeks an organ and Mr. Tallis Trimmell have been advertised, and yet we neither see Mr. Trimmell nor hear the organ; nor was there any apology made. In conclusion, we cannot but express the hope, that ere long, a good oratorio may be got up with Sheffield talent only.—"From our Correspondent." Sheffield, April 22nd.

IBID.—MR. SAUNDERS'S CONCERT took place on Monday week. The programme was more than usually attractive, and presented some features of novelty. The room, although well attended, was not crowded; but, no doubt, the warmth and beauty of the weather attracted many to enjoy the charms of rural felicity, rather than endure a crush at a Concert Hall. Mrs. Alexander Newton is new to a Sheffield audience, and created great admiration by her volume of voice and rapidity of execution. Her rendering of "Qui la voce" and "Casta Diva" were admirable specimens of florid singing. Farmer's pretty song, "I love, but I mustn't say who," was sung with great *naïveté* and point, and called down a decisive encore. Mrs. Barras, so greatly admired as a ballad singer when Miss Saunders has returned to the concert room with all her former excellence. The ballads, "The slave girl's love," and "I waited till the twilight," were sung with great feeling and expression. We think the first (which is a poor song) was taken too slow, but, with this exception, it had more than justice done to it. Mendelssohn's charming duet, "I would that my love," was sung to perfection by these two ladies. Mr. Ryalls was in first-rate voice, and sang his old favourite, "Tom Toppail," with his usual taste. One thing we must, in honour to Mr. Ryalls, remark—he sang two new songs. For the last ten years, he has lived on "Tom Toppail," "Sally in our alley," "The Thorn," and the "Irish Emigrant." His friends were delighted at this proof of his indefatigable labour, and deservedly rewarded his exertions with continued encores. Mr. H. P. Sorge gave two pieces on the clarinet, and exhibited great powers of execution and a little taste; but this gentleman should not compose his own variations—they lack both novelty and point. We cannot conclude without remarking that, according to the programme, each part was to end with a glee. Without any apology, both of these glees were left out. This should not be. A programme ought always to be adhered to. On the whole, the concert gave great satisfaction.—*Free Press.*

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Mudie gratified his friends and pupils, on Saturday morning last, by the performance of a choice selection of compositions for the pianoforte, and for voice and pianoforte; Misses Rainforth and Hanson having kindly afforded their assistance in the performance of the vocal music and duets introduced. Of the pianoforte music in the programme, the most striking were, the "Allegro Marziale," in E flat arranged as a duet; the "Sonata in E flat major;" and the "Sketch for a Fairy Fantasia." The first is brilliant and highly illustrative of its title; the second has much of the character belonging to compositions of the same class, by the best writers, exhibiting to a considerable extent the same graceful fluency of style. The "Sketch for a Fairy Fantasia" appears to have been suggested by a passage in Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends, which runs thus:—"During the summer nights, when the moon shines, the elves come out of their secret dwellings, and assemble for dance in certain favourite spots, which are hidden and secluded places,—such as mountains, valleys, mea-

dows, near streams and brooks, churchyards, where men seldom come. In the first rays of the morning sun they disappear with a noise resembling a swarm of bees or flies." In the conception of the piece, a gathering of elves, fairies, pixies, &c., are supposed. Towards the end of their chorus, they are alarmed by the distant minster clock striking an early hour, and vanish. The piece having not taken as yet the definite form of a composition, being but an ideal outline thrown into shape on the inspiration of the moment, greater merit is due to the composer in giving expression to his conception so successfully as he has done; particularly so towards the conclusion, where the arpeggio movement, imitative of harp music, is suddenly interrupted by the distant church clock, the aerial beings taking to flight, "the sound of their melodious harps and voices gradually dying away." A sketch so well treated, and so worthy of elaboration, ought not to remain in its present unfinished state. We trust ere long it will assume a more tangible shape. The rest of the pianoforte pieces in the programme partook more or less of the talent that shines in Mr. Mudie's writings, particularly so a "Nocturne," and the concluding piece a "Valse Brillante," arranged as a duet. Of the four vocal pieces, the "Staven Wifke" was the most characteristic. The words (by G. F. Graham, Esq.) are based on an old Frieslandic tradition of a mourning ghost woman—"The Staven Wifke," who is seen wandering or sitting weeping upon spots once inhabited, but now overwhelmed by the encroachments of the sea and sand. The composer has entered completely into the feeling of the poet, in setting the words to music. The stanza—

"My home, their home, their very graves
Lie buried 'neath these wild sea waves;"

as expressed in the melody, conveyed most forcibly the idea of dreariness, desolation, and melancholy. This song and a "canzone," by Petrarch, "Pace non trovo," were very truthfully given by Miss Rainsforth. The Hopetoun Rooms were filled to the door by a large and a most attentive auditory.

LEAMINGTON.—On Tuesday fortnight, Mrs. Merridew gave a selection of music at the Town Hall, to a crowded audience. We had occasion, some time ago, to call attention to this lady, as having been dismissed from the situation of organist by the clergyman of the church at which she officiated, because she sang at an annual public concert for her own benefit; the reverend gentleman conceiving, that to stand before an audience, *once a year*, as a public singer, was incompatible with the sacred nature of her duties at church. To add to the singular odour of this proceeding, Mrs. Merridew is a lady of the most irreproachable character, she has a young family, and the income of which she has been thus deprived, formed an important item in her resources. It is needless to comment on such a transaction. Fanaticism is never so impious, because it is never so mischievous, as when allied to spiritual power. It was said at Leamington—we know not with what truth—that the crowded state of the audience, which included much of the wealth and gentility of the neighbourhood, was to be considered as an expression of public sympathy for the fair *beneficiare*. If so, it may serve as a check to other weak, although perhaps well-meaning clergymen, who are inclined "to serve Heaven" in the manner of their reverend brother. Public opinion is fast weeding the pastoral vineyard of the mystical fanaticism from which these scandals of the Church spring. The vocalists on this occasion were Mrs. Merridew, Miss Messent, and Miss Bassano; Messrs. F. Smith, and Reichart—Herr Kuhe, and Miss Ellen Day, played each a fantasia on the pianoforte. Mr. F. Smith was encored in his two favourite songs, "The desert," and "Old Simon the cellarer." A ballad sung by Mrs. Merridew, and a German lied by Herr Reichart, were re-demanded, and Miss Messent was encored in Lindley's ballad, "Come out to me." Miss Bassano who, to a talent for lyrical singing, unites a genuine love for the simplicity of the native ballad, sang Meyerbeer's dramatic aria "Nobil Signor," and afterwards Maynard's graceful song "Tears of love," in both of which she was much and deservedly applauded.

KINGTON.—The Musical Society's meetings, which have just terminated, have been carried on with unusual success this season, and as an appropriate "wind up," Mr. Ridley engaged professional

talent, and gave a concert on the 15th to a very numerous auditory. Mrs. Turner sang "Where the bee sucks," and Bishop's "Mocking Bird," with flute accompaniment. Mr. Ward, from Hereford Cathedral, was encored in the "White Squall." Mr. Turner also sang Loder's "Laugh my girls," and the worn out "Death of Nelson." The concerted music was very attractive and loudly applauded. Bishop's "Hark! 'tis the Indian drum," sung as a quartett, Rossini's "Zitti Zitti, and Balfe's trio from the *Bohemian Girl*, "Thro' the world wilt thou fly, love," met with deserved encores. The German chorus, "Lutzw's Wild Hunt," sung by Messrs. Turner, Milner, Ridley and Ward, gained considerable marks of approval,—the parts were evenly balanced, and the pianos and fortes strictly observed,—the result of attentive practice. Horn's chaste trio, "Hark! Italy's music," the duet of Clarke's by Mr. and Mrs. Turner, "Borne in ycn blaze," and Knight's duet, "The Brothers," gave great satisfaction. The vocal music was relieved by the introduction of Bucher's concertante duo on airs from Paganini's Witches' Dance, for flute and piano, by an amateur, a pupil of Richardson's, and Mr. Ridley; the same flautist also performed Richardson's "Swiss Boy" with variations. The concert terminated with the National Anthem. Mr. Ridley presided at the pianoforte.

BOLTON.—The members of the Harmonic Society, to the number of about fifty, assembled at the house of Mr. Horrocks, Shakespeare Tavern, on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of presenting their conductor, Mr. John Fawcett, jun., with a piece of silver plate, as a remembrance of their esteem. An excellent supper was served up on the occasion; and, on the removal of the cloth, Mr. John Heaton, secretary of the society, was called upon to preside, Mr. Horrocks occupying the vice-chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been drunk, the vice-chairman presented Mr. Fawcett with a chaste and elegantly wrought silver salver, at the same time passing a high eulogium upon him for his services to the Harmonic Society during the three years he has acted as its conductor. Mr. Fawcett feelingly responded to this testimony to his services, and promised that his efforts should not be wanting to place the society second to none in the provinces. Mr. J. Wolfenden presided at the pianoforte, and the proceedings were enlivened with song and harmony, the vocal parts being sustained by members of the society. Several appropriate addresses were delivered in the course of the evening, and the proceedings passed off with considerable *éclat*.—The plate was furnished by Mr. Monk, jeweller, and bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. John Fawcett, jun., by the members of the Bolton Harmonic Society, as a tribute of their respect, and as a record of their high opinion of his abilities as their conductor. April 21st, 1852"—*Bolton Chronicle*.

OUNDL.—The Oundle Harmonic Society gave its last concert for the season on Thursday evening (April 22), at the usual *locale*, the Town Hall, under distinguished patronage. Miss Watson, from London, was the principal vocalist. For the last entertainment of a society which has some pretence to pretensions, a selection more worthy than that of Thursday night might have been made. The overtures to *Lodoiska* and *Zampa* do not sound very intoxicating. Miss Watson gave great satisfaction. She was encored in "Tell me, my heart," and in the duet, "I've wandered in dreams," with Mr. Corley.

NUNEATON.—On Thursday evening last the Annual *Soirée* for the benefit of the schools was held in the schoolroom, when upwards of six hundred persons sat down to tea. After tea the Rev. R. C. Savage addressed the meeting, and introduced the Rev. J. N. Owen, M.A., of Bilston, who delivered a most interesting lecture. In the course of the evening Mr. Paget, of Atherstone, sang "For behold darkness," "Why do the nations," and the recitation and air, "Now heaven in fullest glory." Mr. Meacham also gave "Lord, remember David," and Neukomm's "By the waters of Babylon." Both gentlemen sang in first-rate style, and gave unequalled satisfaction. They also gave several excellent duets, which were greatly applauded, particularly "Here shall soft charity." Mr. Fletcher, the organist, presided at the pianoforte with great ability. A vote of thanks having been passed, and accorded with acclamation to the Rev. Mr. Owen, and Messrs

Paget and Meacham, for their several valuable services, also to the ladies for their tasteful decorations, &c., the National Anthem, sung by the whole company, brought to a close this pleasant and improving gathering of rich and poor, whose evening's proceedings were characterised by universal mirth and happiness—(From a Correspondent.)

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of this excellent society took place on Tuesday last. A leading feature of it was Mr. Roeckel's exquisite performance of two morceaux, a *Fantasia* on airs from the *Prophete* and *Souvenir de Naples*, a brilliant and highly characteristic "Mazurka de Concert." Both these, his own compositions, bear the stamp of being the works of a first-rate musician, and his performance caused quite a "furore" of enthusiasm. M. Roeckel's eminent reputation required no meed of praise from our hands, yet were we quite startled by his perfectly marvellous execution and power, as well as his beautiful legato piano (to pianissimo) playing, altogether a perfection of the mechanism of brilliant manipulation; but above all this stand his beautiful taste, feeling, and artistic phrasing, his pianoforte playing touches and moves us, and rare are the pianists who can do that. Mr. Roeckel performed with Miss H. Taylor (his pupil) Thalberg's Duet from *Norma*. This young lady acquitted herself in a most praiseworthy manner, exhibiting all the necessary qualities of an excellent pianist, and the spirited, brilliant performance of this favourite duet brought forth a torrent of well merited applause. We cordially congratulate Miss Taylor on her successful "debut."

PRESTON.—On Thursday evening last, our townsman, Mr. Charles J. Yates, gave a concert, at the Theatre in this town, under the patronage of Thomas Monk, Esq., the Mayor. The vocalists engaged were Mrs. A. Newton, of the Exeter Hall and Hanover Square Concerts; Mrs. Barras (formerly Miss Saunders); and Mr. Ryalls. Mr. H. P. Sorge, the clarinet player, of the Liverpool and Manchester Philharmonic Societies, presided at the pianoforte. The principal feature of the concert was the singing of Mrs. Newton, which was of a high character, and much superior to what is generally heard at provincial concerts. Mrs. Newton received great applause in the aria, "Qui la voce," and in the song, "Casta Diva"—two of Bellini's masterpieces in melody, and which were given with brilliancy and power. At the call for a repetition of these pieces, Mrs. Newton substituted in each case an ancient ballad, (accompanying herself on the pianoforte). One of these, a well-known air, "Robin Adair," was sung with an expression and sensibility that proclaimed the lady's powers equally in the lowly ballad as in dramatic compositions. Mrs. Barras and Mr. Ryalls acquitted themselves creditably in several songs. In the course of the evening Mr. Sorge played two solos on the clarinet, of which instrument he showed himself to be an accomplished master; his tone is mellifluous, firm, and even, added to a complete command over executive difficulties. He was warmly applauded and encored in both instances. Mr. Yates played two solos on the pianoforte and was warmly applauded. The concert was but indifferently attended, and will, we apprehend, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly requite the promoter for his laudable endeavour to bring before the public really good music, and that at a rate of admission much below what is usually charged for such an entertainment.—(*Preston Chronicle*, April 17).

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.—**ARDWICK GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.**—This society is now fairly established, and may be considered one of the most rising of our musical institutions, having upwards of one hundred members enrolled in its books. We attended the ordinary meeting of the club on Wednesday evening last, and were much gratified to find the large room of the George and Dragon Inn inconveniently filled, rendering it very oppressive throughout the evening. The programme was of the true legitimate school of glee writing, including among others the names of Calcott, Stafford, Smith, T. Cook, Bishop, Stevens, and Clifton. The first piece on the scheme was Calcott's "Dull repining Sons of Care;" this was followed by a very beautiful flowing glee, "I cannot lose thee," by our clever rising resident composer, Mr. W. Glover. The melody is strikingly expressive and chaste, and the harmony rich, full, throughout cleverly treated; the glee was sung with excellent expression and feeling by Messrs. E. J. Edmondson, Phillip, Walton, and Smith, and was enthusiastically received; we

understand it is now in the press and may be expected in a few days. Mr. J. F. Leeson, another resident professor (and formerly we believe favourite pupil of Dr. Smith of Dublin) was the writer of the second best glee for the prize given by this club a few months ago—his glee, "This Life is what we make it," is a lively dashing composition, full of spirit and meaning, and must become deservedly popular at our various glee societies and convivial parties; we find it has just been published by this little thriving club, at the general request of the members. We never remember hearing Bishop's "Under the Greenwood Tree," so excellently sung before, save of course by the Glee Union, which we must always of necessity except; it was loudly encored. A very interesting feature of this club is the noble encouragement it always offers to young composers. On this evening we were very much pleased to listen to an excellent glee, "Zephyr whither art thou straying?" from the pen of a young professor, Mr. T. Boss, of Sheffield. The author, who was present, was heartily cheered for some moments after the performance of his glee—a mark of esteem which we trust will urge him onwards to devote closer attention to this branch of musical writing. The concert closed with Tom Cooke's fine glee, "Let us drain the nectar'd bowl." Several songs, glees, and catches, followed, and the proceedings, which had throughout been characterised by great unanimity and spirit, were brought to a close a few minutes past eleven o'clock. We should be wanting in courtesy if we omitted to pay our meed of respect to Mr. R. Seed, the musical conductor, for his tasteful accompaniments throughout the evening. We were informed the committee of the club have determined on building a spacious and commodious assembly room contiguous to the present place of meeting, which will be ready for the ensuing season towards the close of the month of August. They have our best wishes for continued success in their spirited enterprises.

Miscellaneous.

MISS HELENA TAYLOR gave her first concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Mount Edgum. The concert calls for no particular remarks. Miss Clara Novello sang with good taste the "Deh vieni, non tardar," from *Figaro*; Miss Helen Taylor, "Dove Sono" nicely given; Miss Bassano, "Ere Infancy's Bud," good; Miss Dolby, "Gran Dio" from *Romeo et Giulietta*, excellent and encored; and others too numerous to name. Of the instrumentalities we need only name Miss Kate Loders fantasia, and the duo concertante for piano and violin, by the same lady and Mr. Blagrove. Both these performances were admirable, and Kate Loder especially distinguished herself by her fine skill and true musical feeling.

MR. NEATE'S SOIREE'S.—The last of these interesting evenings came off on Wednesday at the New Beethoven Rooms. The performances comprised Mozart's pianoforte quartet in G minor—played by Messrs. Neate, Sainton, Hill, and Piatti; Mozart's quartet in G, op. 76—by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti; Beethoven's sonata, in C minor, op. 30, for pianoforte and violin, &c.—executed by Mr. Neate and M. Sainton; pianoforte trio, MS. in C—performed by Messrs. Neate, Cooper, and Piatti; and Beethoven's quartet, No. 4, in C minor—by Messrs. Cooper, Sainton, Hill, and Piatti. This concert wound up the series admirably. Every *morceau* was rendered in first-rate style, and we can hardly select any one for especial eulogy, so finely were they all given. Mr. Neate's pianoforte trio pleased us greatly; but we should like to hear it a second time before pronouncing decidedly on its merits. From the success which has attended Mr. Neate's classical evenings we have no doubt he will be induced to give a second series.

MR. FRANK MORI has undertaken the direction of the musical arrangements of the Hahnemann Homoeopathic Hospital's anniversary dinner this year.

MRS. BENEDICT.—The amiable and accomplished wife of the celebrated composer and pianist, M. Jules Benedict, died on the 17th ult., at Pisa, deeply lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing her.

SIGNOR BRICCIADLI.—This popular and talented flautist has announced a grand annual morning concert, to come off at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, May the 14th, when he will be assisted by a long line of eminent artists—among whom, Arabella Goddard and Herr Paue (pianists), Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, Piatti, Bottesini, Maffei, instrumentalists; and Misses Dolby, Lascelles, Stabbach, Mesdames F. Lablache and Lemaire, Signor F. Lablache, and Messrs Frank Bodda, Swift, Signor Ciabatta, &c., vocalists. A good feast may be expected.

ARRIVALS.—M. Erard, the great French pianoforte manufacturer. **NOT ARRIVED BUT ANXIOUSLY EXPECTED.**—VIVIER.—(To be continued.)

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETT MEETINGS.—Want of space prevented our noticing last week Mr. Rousselot's Beethoven Quartett meeting. By particular desire of the subscribers, the performance of the Quartetts has been inverted and begins with the posthumous; the attention not being exhausted by two or three other compositions, the hearer will be better able to appreciate and enjoy these truly grand and original works. We cordially agree to this, as an improvement upon the old system. As to the execution need we say anything in favour of such artists as Savori, Sainton, Hill and Rousselot. Suffice it to say, that they did their best, and who would like to hear better? A feature of the evening was Franz Schubert's Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, the Piano part of which was executed by Mlle. Coulon with great "bravoure." This young "virtuose" possesses energy and precision in a remarkable degree, and has an exceedingly crisp, clear touch, and masters the greatest difficulties with seeming ease. What need we say more in her favor?

HERR JANSÄ'S SECOND SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—One of the greatest of intellectual pleasures is having the privilege to hear good and classical music well performed; and such a treat was experienced by those who were fortunate enough to attend Herr Jansä's second *soirée*, which was given in the New Beethoven Rooms on Monday evening, and (as at the previous one) there was an overflowing audience, drawn together by the great repute of this excellent violinist and composer. The following programme will justify all our remarks:—Programme:—Part First 1. Quartet, Op. 74, No. 3, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Spohr), Herren Jansä, Kreutzer, Goffrie, and Lutgen. 2. Song, "Batti, Batti" (Mozart), Miss Lowe. 3. Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Op. 73, (Jansä), M. Billet, Herren Jansä, and Lutgen. Part Second. 4. Song, "Ave Marie," (Schubert) Miss Lowe. 5. Quartet, No. 6, two violins, viola, and violoncello, (Mozart), Herren Jansä, Kreutzer, Goffrie, and Lutgen. The Quartett of Spohr was most ably executed, the beautiful harmonies were well developed, while the scherzo, with its light and playful character, and the brilliant *finale* called forth unanimous applause. The same may be said of Mozart's quartett. The trio of Herr Jansä was a most splendid performance. M. Billet well knew with whom he was associated, and he was in full force. It was not, as of old, "the tug of war when Greek met Greek," but as a trial of skill between Apollo and the Muses, which could produce the greatest harmony. Herr Jansä, M. Billet, and Herr Lutgen, appeared to understand each other, and most charmingly they played into one another's hands. The piece concluded amidst the loud plaudits of a delighted audience. The vocal music was deputed to Miss Lowe, who sang the songs allotted to her in such a style as to call forth much deserved applause. The concert throughout was most highly appreciated by a discriminating audience. The next and last of Herr Jansä's *soirées* is announced for Monday evening, May 10th.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Reopened on Monday last with a grand national and historical diorama, illustrating the Wellington Campaigns, in India, Portugal, and Spain; concluding with the battle of Waterloo. The following is the synopsis:—India.—Seringapatnam, finding the body of Tippo Saib; Tomb of Hyder Ali; Death of Dhoondiah Waugh, Sir A. Wellesley adopting his Son; The Droog, or Hill Fort; Battle of Assaye; Treaty with Sindiah. Portugal.—View of Lisbon; Sir A. Wellesley entering the Tagus; Portuguese Vineyard. Convoy; Passage of the Douro. Spain.—Entrance to Talavera; Incident at the River Alberche; Talavera after the Battle; Scene in the Mountains,

Guerilla Warfare; Battle of Busaco; Lines of Torres Vedras Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro; Cuidad Rodrigo; Death of General Craufurd; Badajoz from San Cristoval; Storming the breach of Santa Maria; Plans of Salamanca; Lord Wellington's triumphal entry into Madrid; City and Castle of Burgos; Plains of Vittoria; Pyrenees, Bridge of Souraren; Siege of San Sebastian. France.—Bayonne, Bridge of Boats; Toulouse. Belgium.—Waterloo; Death of Sir Thomas Picton; Advance of the Imperial Guard; The Duke and his Staff; Final charge of the Guards. Her Majesty, accompanied by H.R.H. Prince Albert, and the Royal Children honoured the Gallery with a private inspection on Monday Morning, and expressed themselves highly pleased with the Diorama, which will no doubt, become one of the attractions of the season, as it deserves to be from the excellence of the paintings, and from the interesting subjects selected for illustration. Mr. Stoequeler was, as always, highly intelligent in his explanatory lecture.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

VOCAL GEMS OF FOREIGN OPERAS—a series of Twelve Songs, adapted with English Words to the most favourite Airs in the Foreign Operas. The Poetry by S. FARQUHARSON; the Music adapted by S. NELSON. Price 2s. each.

"These Ballads afford the English teacher an opportunity of availing himself of the most exquisite of the Foreign Airs, clothed in pure, pleasing, and perfectly unobjectionable language."—*Stanford Mercury*.

MUSIC FOR THE ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.

TRAVIS'S AMATEUR ORGANIST, a Collection of soft and full Voluntaries, arranged in 12 Books, price 3s. each, and may be had in Two Volumes, neatly bound, price 18s. each. The high patronage and unprecedented success of this beautiful work have induced unprincipled publishers to offer spurious copies and base imitations. The musical public are therefore respectfully CAUTIONED against ordering any but "Travis's Amateur Organist," published only by LEONI LEE & COXHEAD, 48, Albemarle-street, and may be had of all respectable Music and Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom. Also, the Amateur Intermediant and Preludist, by Travis, in Books, 4s. each.

THE AMATEUR INTERLUDEST. A Collection of 144 short Interludes, to play between the Verses of the Psalms, in One Book; price, 4s. by EDWARD TRAVIS and J. P. DYER.

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N.B. A new edition of KELLER'S NEW PIANOFORTE SCHOOL, 4s.

THE AMATEUR VIOLINIST, a selection of the most favourite Airs, from the Standard Foreign Operas, arranged for the Violin, in sets, price 1s. each, with an accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Pianoforte, 1s.; Second Violin, 6d.; Violoncello, 6d. each; arranged by HENRY FARMER.

THE VIOLINIST'S ALBUM, a selection of favourite Airs, Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c., in sets, price 1s. each, with accompaniments for same instruments as above, arranged by HENRY FARMER.

THE AMATEUR FLUTIST, same Airs as above, in sets, 1s. each, with accompaniments for same instruments, by HENRY NICHOLSON.

THE FLUTIST'S ALBUM, in sets, price 1s. each, with accompaniments for same instruments, by HENRY NICHOLSON.

THE CONCERTINIST'S ALBUM, in sets, One Shilling each. By NICOLÒ SILVANI.

THE AMATEUR CONCERTINIST, in sets, One Shilling each. By NICOLÒ SILVANI.

A NEW CONCERTINA TUTOR, by W. B. BIRCH. Price 3s.

N.B. A new Edition of FARMER'S NEW VIOLIN SCHOOL, price 5s. London: Lee and Coxhead, 48, Albemarle-street, and to be had of all Book and Music-sellers.

CATALOGUES GRATIS.

MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers. * * * Soon will be ready, the French and German Translation.

AMATI VIOLONCELLO.

AN AMATI VIOLONCELLO FOR SALE (with Certificate), the property of an Amateur, price £30. Apply to Messrs. Wessel and Co., Music Publishers, 229, Regent-street, corner of Hanover-street, London.

HUNGARIAN MUSICAL COMPANY.

KALOZDY'S LETTER TO HENRY DISTIN.—"DEAR SIR, I have much pleasure in stating that the Hungarian National Music, published by you, as performed by my Hungarian orchestra, viz. polkas, marches, quadrilles, waltzes, mazurkas, &c. are the only genuine copies published, being exactly as I have arranged them for, and as performed by, my Hungarian Band."

"JONY KALOZDY."

All the Music, as performed by the Hungarian Musical Company, can be had, for Piano and Cornet, illustrated in colours, with full-length portraits of the performers. The following are now ready:—

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Sent post free from Henry Distin, Military Musical Instrument Maker, 31, Cranbourn-street, London.

N.B.—H. Distin is the sole publisher of the above.

THREATENED

DEMOLITION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN consequence of many thousands of persons in the United Kingdom having been unable to obtain a copy of the Great Exhibition Chart printed in Colours, and Presented by the Proprietors of the WEEKLY DISPATCH to their Subscribers and the Public, in the months of January and February last, a RE-ISSUE has been determined upon, to take place on SUNDAY, the 16th of MAY. The Chart, which has undergone a careful revision, shows by simple diagrams the number of persons that visited the Exhibition daily, the amount of money taken at the various entrances, the quantity of refreshments consumed; the names of the Royal Commissioners; an account of the origin of the Palace, and its dimensions in feet.

In order that every individual in the country may possess this statistical reflex of curious and interesting results, to mark the demolition of the building, and to serve as a memento of its existence, the Chart will be delivered GRATIS to every Subscriber and Purchaser of the DISPATCH on the day stated.

The DISPATCH is published at 4 o'clock every Saturday morning, in time for the First Railway Trains leaving London, and for the Morning Mails.

Early orders should be given to any Newsvendor in town and country; or to Mr. R. J. Wood, No. 139, Fleet-street.

N.B. The News Agents will have a copy of the Chart with every DISPATCH of May 16th.

M. PRUDENT'S PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

MESSRS. BOOSEY and CO. respectfully announce that they have just published under the direction of M. Emile Prudent, perfectly new and revised editions of the following works as performed by him in London:

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| * Les Bois, Chasse | ... | 3s. 6d. |
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| * Marine, Etude | ... | 2s. 6d. |
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In the Press,

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| * Le Reveil des Fées | ... | ... |
| * Villanelle | ... | ... |

* These pieces were performed by the author at his Concert, April 9th.

London: Published by F. Boosey and Co., 25, Holles Street, where all communications for M. Prudent are to be addressed.

HERE IS YOUR REMEDY!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST miraculous Cure of Bad legs, after 43 years' suffering. Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, Saint Mary's-street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851. To Professor Holloway, Sir,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scar, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.
The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

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| Bad Legs | Coco Bay | Contracted and | Lumbago | Scurvy |
| Bad Breasts | Chiego-foot | Stiff Joints | Piles | Sore-heads |
| Burns | Chilblains | Euphantiasis | Rheumatism | Tumours |
| Bunions | Chapped hands | Fistulas | Scalds | Ulcers |
| Bite of Mosche-
toes and Sand-
Cancers | Corns (Soft) | Gout | Sore Nipples | Wounds |
| Fles | | Glandular Swell-
ings | Sore-throats | Yaws |
| | | | Skin-diseases | |

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World in Pots and boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 35s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot or Box.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

A GENTLEMAN, in good practice in a pleasant and rapidly improving provincial town, desirous of retiring, wishes to treat with a successor, who must possess gentlemanly manners, and be a sound teacher of the Pianoforte and Singing. Terms, One Year's Purchase, Cash. Apply by letter to Mr. James Stride, Mining Agent, Jamaica Coffee House, Cornhill.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN

PROFESSOR of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, informs his Pupils and Friends that he has removed to 53, Albert-street, Mornington Crescent.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

"SING TO ME A MERRY LAY," G. Linley; "Childhood's Fair Dream," F. Gumbart; "The Slave Girl's Love," E. Land; "Happy Birdling of the Forest," H. Proch. Price Two Shillings each. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street, and 67, Conduit Street.

HERR JANSÄ,

PROFESSOR of the Violin to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and Professor of the Violin and Composition at the Conservatoire and Chapelle Royale at Vienna, begs to announce that his THIRD SOIREE OF CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC will take place on MONDAY EVENING, MAY 10, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square. Tickets of admission, 10s. each; Family Tickets to admit three, 10s. Guinea; to be obtained at the principal Musiciansellers, and of M. Jansa, No. 10, Mornington-crescent.

MR. AGUILAR

RESPECTFULLY announces that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on WEDNESDAY, MAY 5. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mdlle. Jetty de Treffe, Herr Reichart, and Herr Formes. Violin—Signor Sivori. Contra Bass, Signor Bottesini. Pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar. The orchestra will be numerous and efficient. Leader—Mr. Willy. Accompanist, Herr Kuchler. Conductor, Herr Anschuetz. Two of Mr. Aguilar's latest compositions, a grand "Allegro Maestoso," for piano with orchestra, and an overture entitled Alpheus, will be produced. Tickets, 7s. each, to be had at the principal Music publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 68, Upper Norton-street, Portland Road; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Aguilar only.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.

THE third Season of Twelve Soirées will commence on Monday Next, May 8th, at 8 o'clock, at 27, Queen Anne-street, and will be continued every Monday following, the 10th of May excepted. Among the artists appearing in the first Soirée will be, vocalists, Madame Garcia, Madame Lemaire, Mdlle. Wagner, Messrs. Haas, Bruckmann, Violoncello, M. de Muncke, Piano, Madame Goffrie and Herr Gollmick. Subscription, £2 2s.; artists £1 1s. Single Soirée Tickets, 5s. and 7s. each. Prospectuses, etc. to be had of the Directors, C. Goffrie, 16, Charing Cross, A. Gollmick, 12, Lower Belgrave-place, Belgrave square, and Messrs. Boosey and Co., Holles-street. N.B. Tickets of former seasons are not available.

MISS ANNIE VON ESCH TAYLOR

RESPECTFULLY announces that her EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th. Vocalists—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Poole, Miss Annie von Esch Taylor, Miss Pyne, Miss Dolby; Herr Reichart, Messrs. Wrighton, Frank Borda, Herr Jonghmann, and Herr Formes. Instrumentalists—Herr Molique, Messrs. Lucas, Frederic Chatterton, Giulio Regondi, Don R. de Cebra, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductors—Mr. Aguilar and Signor Piloti. Single Tickets, 7s. each; Family Tickets to admit four, £1 1s.; to be had at the principal Music sellers, and of Miss A. von Esch Taylor, 27, Bryanston-street, Portman-square; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only of Miss Annie von Esch Taylor.

MRS. DE BARRY, PIANISTE,

HAS the honour to announce that her FIRST SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on TUESDAY, MAY 11th; assisted by the following eminent artists:—Vocalists—Madame Macfarren, Miss Messent, Signor Caligano, Mr. Wrighton. Instrumentalists—Herr Molique and Mr. Scipion Rousselot. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Mrs. de Barry, 5, George-street, Portman-square, and at the principal Music sellers.

EXETER HALL. NEW ORATORIO.

DANIEL, an oratorio (sixth chapter), by GEORGE LAKE, will be produced, FRIDAY, MAY 21. Same evening, Mendelssohn's Psalm 51, from the composer's MS. orchestral accompaniment, and a Cantata by Weber. "The Praise of Jehovah." Miss Messent, Stewart, Felton; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Shoubridge, H. Buckland, Laffer, and H. Phillips, with band and chorus of nearly 700 performers. Conductor, Mr. G. Lake. Leader, Mr. Willy. Organist, Mr. Brownsmith. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., at Addison's, and all Music sellers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that the INJUNCTION against Mdlle. WAGNER and Mr. Frederick Gye, founded on the documentary evidence laid before his Honor the Vice-Chancellor Sir James Parker, REMAINS IN FULL FORCE. This fact affords the best confirmation of the accuracy of Mr. Lumley's previous announcements, and the most effective refutation of the unwarrantable attacks to which he has been subjected.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.—DON PASQUALE.

IT is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 6, when will be presented Donizetti's admired opera,

DON PASQUALE.

Norina,	Mdlle. SOFIE CRUVELLI.
Ernesto,	Signor CALZOLARI.
Dr. Malatesta,	Signor FERRANTI.
Don Pasquale,	AND,
	Signor LABLACHE.

After which, the last act of Donizetti's opera,

MARIA DI ROHAN.

Maria,	Madame FIORENTINI.
Enrico,	Signor FERLOTTI.

With various entertainments in the Ballet Department by Mdlle. Carolina Rosati, Mdlles. Rosa, Esper, Lamoureux, Allegrini, and Mdlle. Guy Stephan; M. Mathieu and M. di Mattia.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Opera Box-office, Colonnade, Haymarket.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

AT the NEXT CONCERT, MAY 12th, will be performed, on an unprecedented scale of completeness,

BEETHOVEN'S
CHORAL SYMPHONY.

Conductor, **HECTOR BERLIOZ.**

Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d. each; at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent street.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—FRIDAY, 14th MAY, Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Vocalists—Madame C. Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 Double Basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall.

The Subscription is One, Two, or Three Guineas per annum. Subscribers now entering and dining to Lady Day, 1853, will receive Four Tickets for the above performance. Last Season there were eleven subscription concerts.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

Has the honour to announce that he will give
THREE PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN

PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 5, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22,
AND WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 16.

The Morning Performance will commence at Three, the Evening at Eight. Analytical remarks upon the Classical Compositions will be written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren.

VOCALISTS:—

MISS BIRCH, MADAME MACFARREN, AND MISS DOLBY.

MR. S W I F T.

PIANOFORTE, MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

VIOLIN, MONS. SAINTON. VIOLONCELLO, SIGNOR PIATTI.

CONTRA BASSO, SIGNOR BOTTESINI.

Accompanist, **MR. FRANK MORI.**

Broadwood's Grand Pianofortes will be used at these Concerts.

Subscription Tickets for the Series (Reserved Seats), One Guinea; Single Reserved Seat Ticket, Half-a-Guinea; Single Tickets, Seven Shillings. To be had of Messrs. Cramer & Beale, Regent-street; Chappell, New Bond-street; at the principal Music warehouses; Mr. Sams' Royal Library, St. James's-street; and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, Somerset-street, Portman-square.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF LES HUGUENOTS.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR MARIO.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, MAY 4th, will be performed, for the second time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

Valentina,	Madame GRISI.
Margarita di Valois,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Dame d'honneur,	Mdlle. COTTI.
Urbano,	Mdlle. SEGUIN.
Marcello,	Herr FORMES.
Il Conte di San Eris,	Signor POLONINI.
Il Conte di Nevers,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
De Cosse,	Signor MEL.
De Retz,	Signor GREGORIO.
The Huguenot Soldier,	Signor SOLDI.
Merce,	Signor ROMMI.
	AND,
Raul di Nangis,	Signor MARIO.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST NIGHT OF IL FLAUTO MAGICO.—FIRST APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. ANNA ZERR.

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 6th, will be performed, for the first time this season, Mozart's Grand romantic Opera,

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

The principal characters by

Madame GRISI,
Mdlle. ANNA ZERR (her first appearance this season),
Mdlle. BELLINI,
Mdlle. BERTRANDI,
Mdlle. MARIANI,
Mdlle. COTTI,
Herr FORMES,
Signor STIGELLI, Signor POLONINI, Signor SOLDI,
Signor RONCONI, and
Signor MARIO.

COMPOSER, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC, AND CONDUCTOR,
M. COSTA.

Commence at Eight. Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit may be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of the principal Musicsellers and Librarians.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the FOURTH CONCERT will take place on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, the 3rd of MAY, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. PROGRAMME: Sinfonia in A, No. 2 (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society), Mendelssohn Bartholdy; Double Quartet, No. 2, Spohr; Overture, Don Quixote, Macfarren; Sinfonia in B flat, Beethoven; Concertino, harp, Mr. John Thomas, Thomas; Overture in D, Andreas Rombert; Vocal performers—Miss L. Pyne and Herr Formes. Conductor, Mr. Costa. To begin at Eight o'clock. Subscription for the Season, £4 4s.; Single Tickets, £1 1s.; Double Tickets, £1 10s.; Triple Tickets, £2 5s.; to be had at Messrs. Addison and Co.'s, 210, Regent-street.

MUSICAL UNION.

HIS Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, Patron.—TUESDAY, MAY 4, WILLIS'S ROOMS, half-past 3.—Quartet (posthumous), D minor Schubert; Trio, No. 1, Mendelssohn; Quartet in A, No. 5, Beethoven; Piano Solos, on a melody by Schubert, and Les Patineurs, from the Prophète, arranged by Liszt. Executants—Joachim (first performance in England since 1848), Moralt, Oury, and Piatti. Pianiste—Madame Pleyel (her first performance at the Musical Union since 1846). Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had only at Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street. J. ELLA, Director.

MR. W. REA

RESPECTFULLY announces that he will give TWO PERFORMANCES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS on Friday Evenings, May 7th and June 4th. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 7s. each; Subscription for Two, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Mr. W. Rea, 73, Upper Norton-street, and of the principal Music publishers.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT respectfully announces that HERR JOACHIM will perform at the third meeting, which will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, MAY 5th, and a pianoforte Solo by an eminent Pianiste will be produced on Erard's council medal Grand Pianoforte. Further particulars will be duly given. Tickets and Subscription to be had of Messrs. Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Studley Villas, Studley Road Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid, To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, May 1, 1852.